

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

COMICS

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JUNE
No. 50

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COMIC
GROUP

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DEATH
to
Blackhawk





WEB COMIC
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MODERN COMICS

Blackhawk



DEATH to *Blackhawk*!

A challenge to greed and cruelty,
The Blackhawks patrol the world!
And Cairn, the conspirator, answers
that challenge with living,
horrible death!

WELL, CHUCK, DID YOU AND ANDRE LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT THIS MAN CAIRN? ... THIS EVIL POWER GRABBER?

YES, BLACKHAWK! HE'S IMMENSELY WEALTHY, OWNS CONTROL OF MANY BIG BUSINESS HOUSES IN ALL COUNTRIES!

BUT HE DOES NOT RISK ZE LAWS OF BIG GOVERNMENTS! HE KEEPS HIS HEADQUARTERS CASTLE IN ZE TINY NATION OF MOUNT ZERRO!

A LITTLE PLACE LIKE THAT IS EASY FOR SOMEONE WITH MONEY AND POWER TO RULE, EH? WELL, WHAT'S HIS ANGLE?

HE KNOWS THE WORLD IS SICK OF WAR AND TROUBLE! HE PRETENDS TO BE FRIENDLY, HELPING HERE AND THERE WITH MONEY OR ADVICE!

HE IS GETTING POWER OVER OFFICIALS AND MERCHANTS! HE RULES WITH AN IRON HAND! ... HIS FORTUNE CANNOT BE CHALLENGED!



HE WILL BE ZE SECRET RULER OF NATIONS!

THE WORST KIND OF RULER-- GREEDY, CRUEL, HEARTLESS! CAIRN-- THE CONSPIRATOR! GET OUT MY PLANE ... I'M GOING TO MOUNT ZERRO!



That night in Castle Cairn ...

GO BACK TO YOUR QUARTERS! LEAVE ME ALONE FOR THE NIGHT!

I ALWAYS DO, SIR!



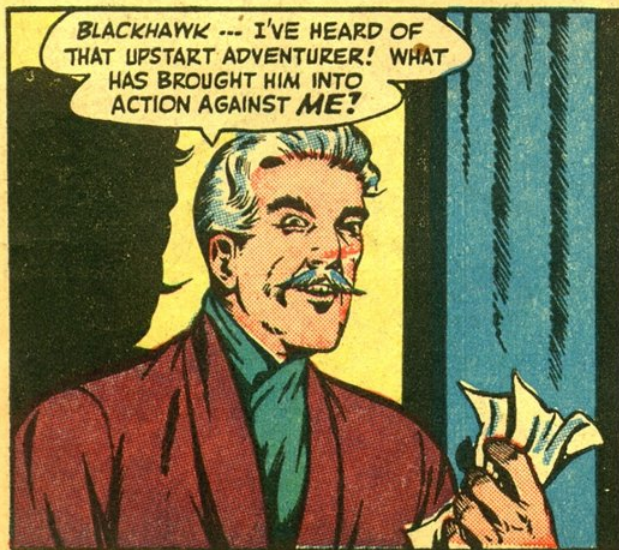
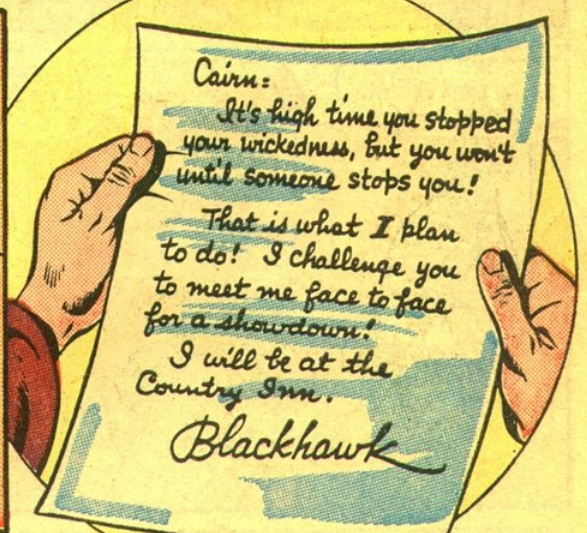
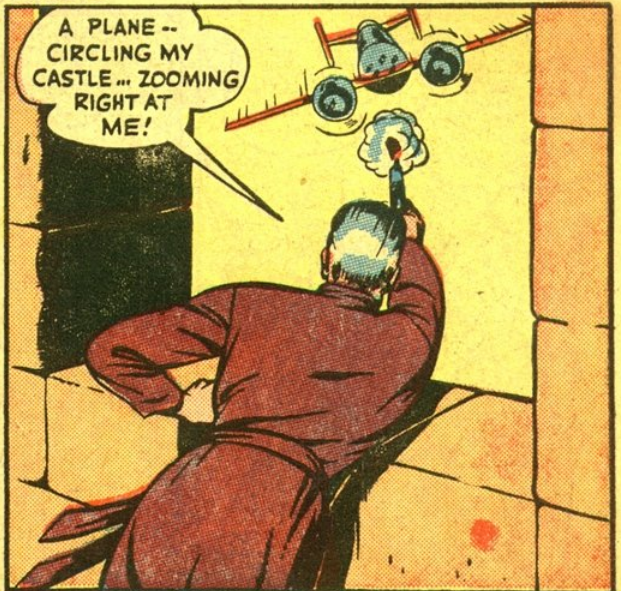
CLANG!

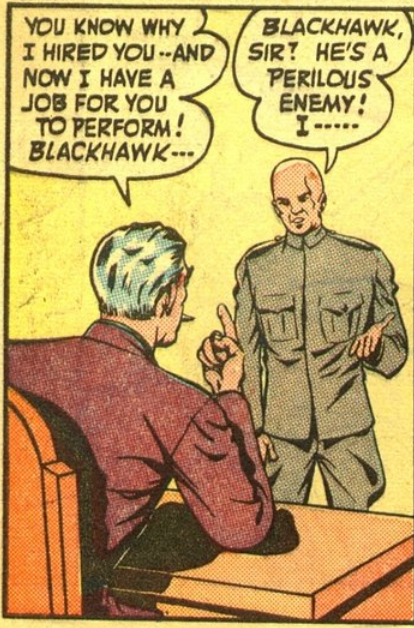
THERE--THE BAR AND LOCK ARE IN PLACE! I'M ALONE FOR THE NIGHT--SAFE FROM ANY PRYING, SNEAKING ENEMY!

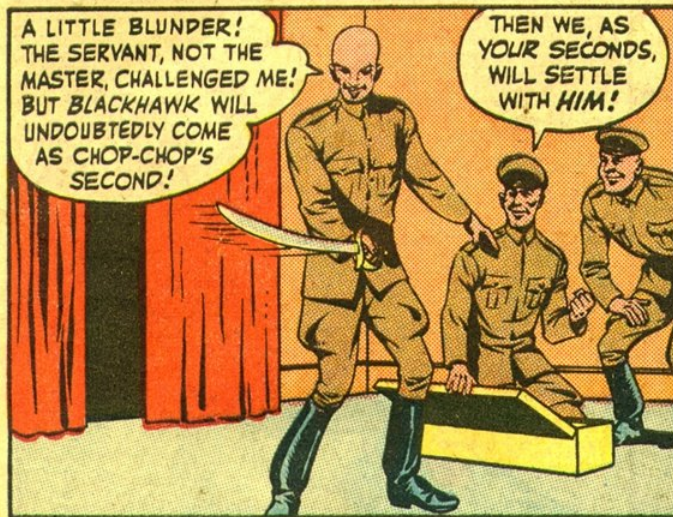


ENVIOUS LITTLE WRETCHES THINK THIS PUNY WORLD WOULD BE BETTER OFF IF I WERE DEAD! PFFAH!









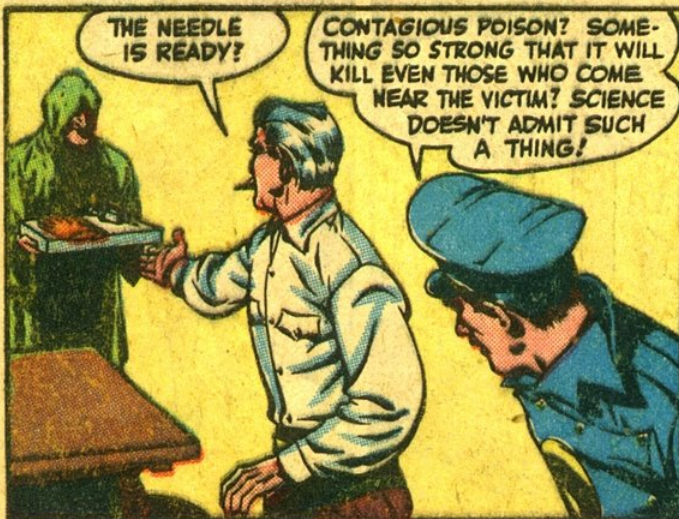
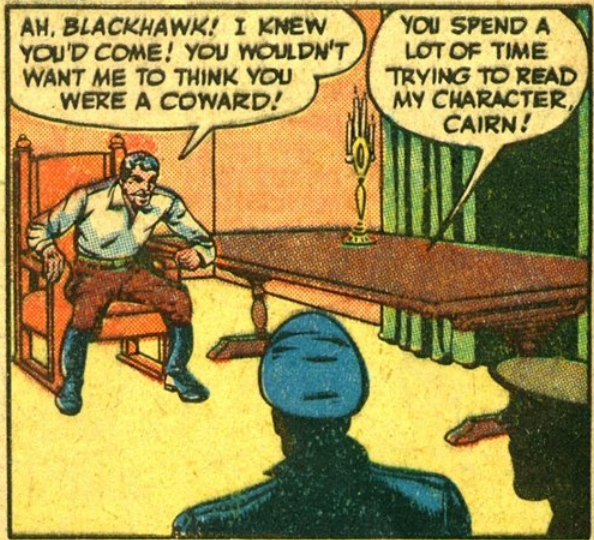


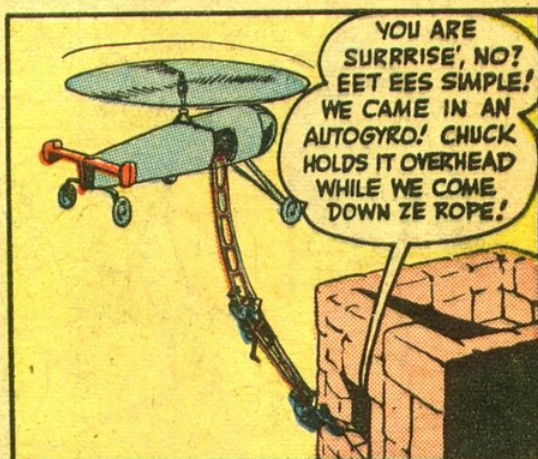


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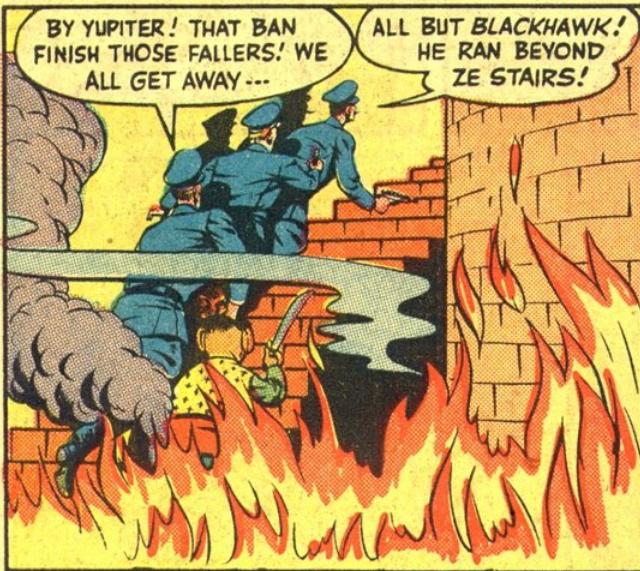


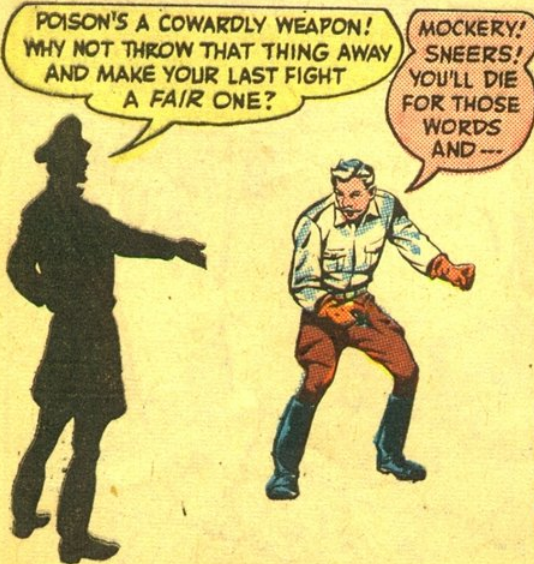


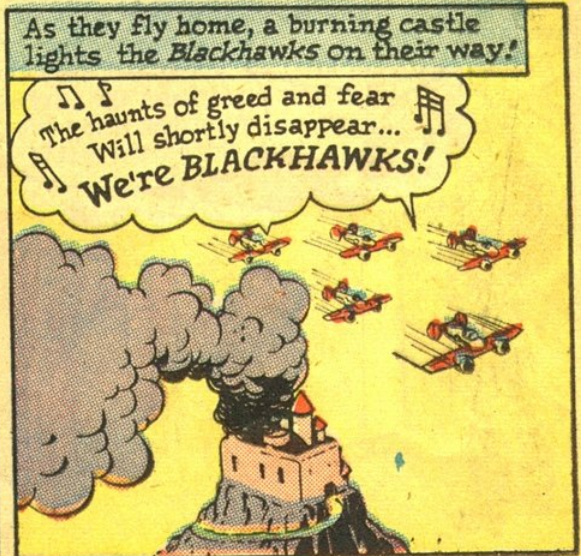


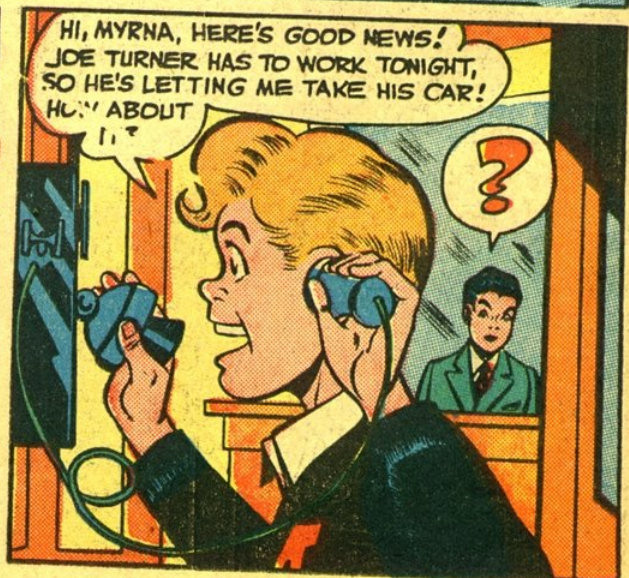
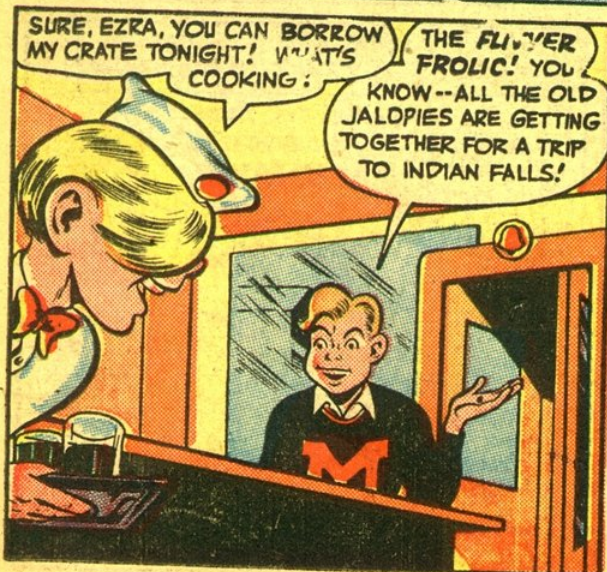


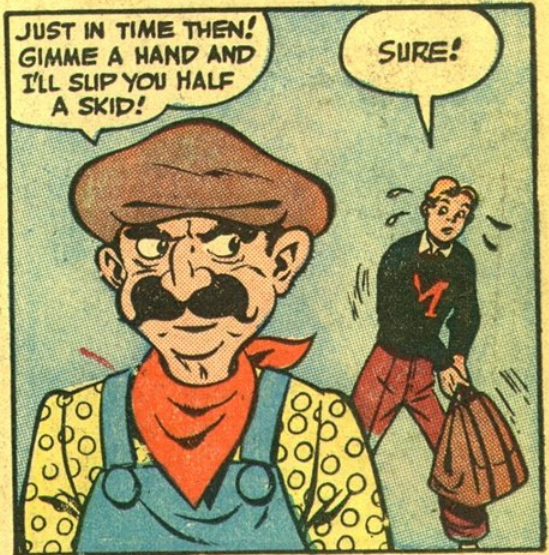
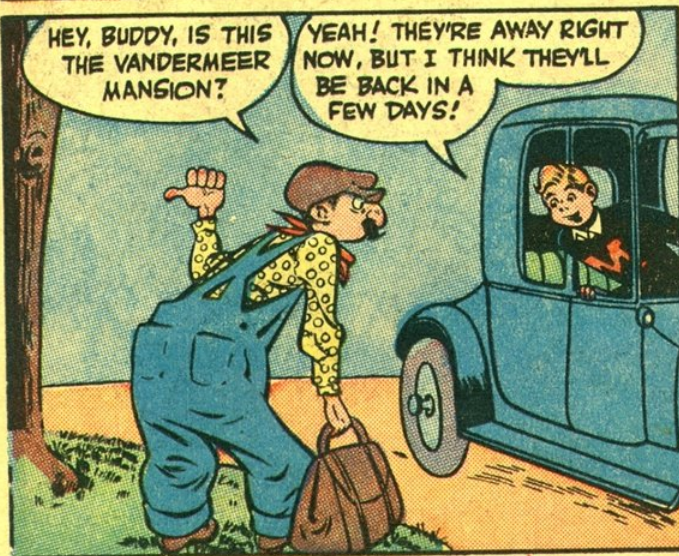


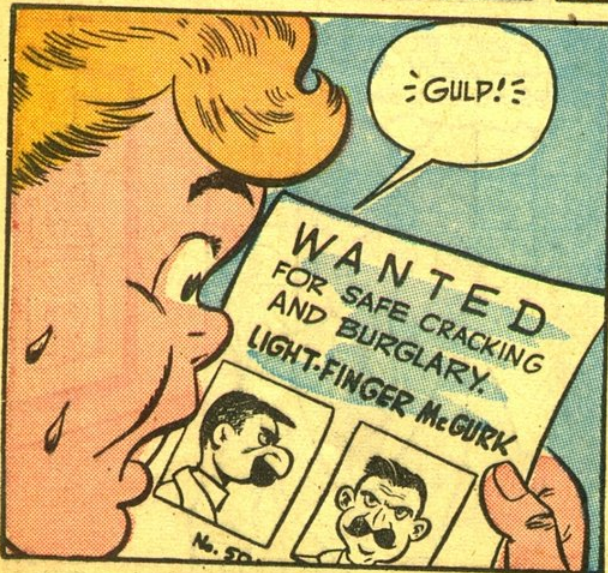
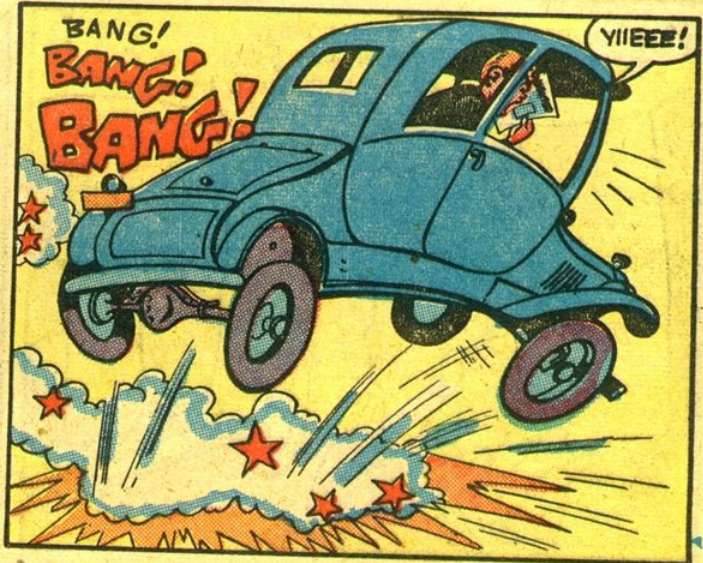


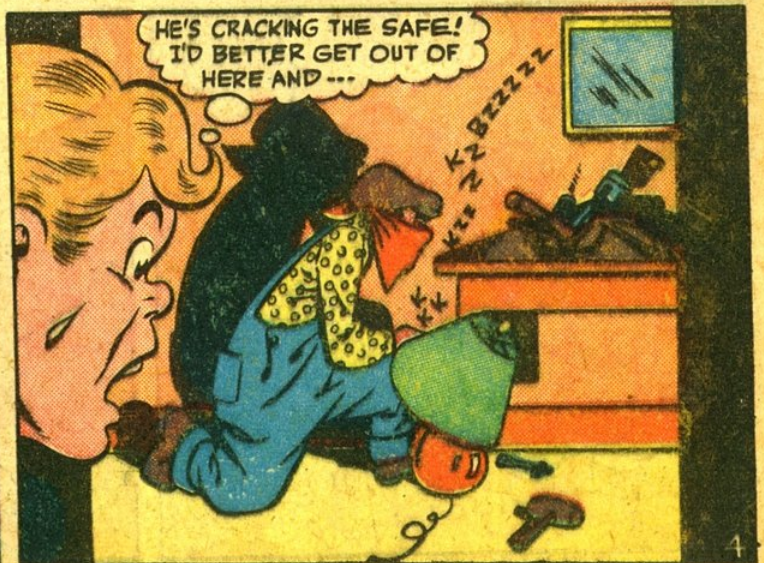


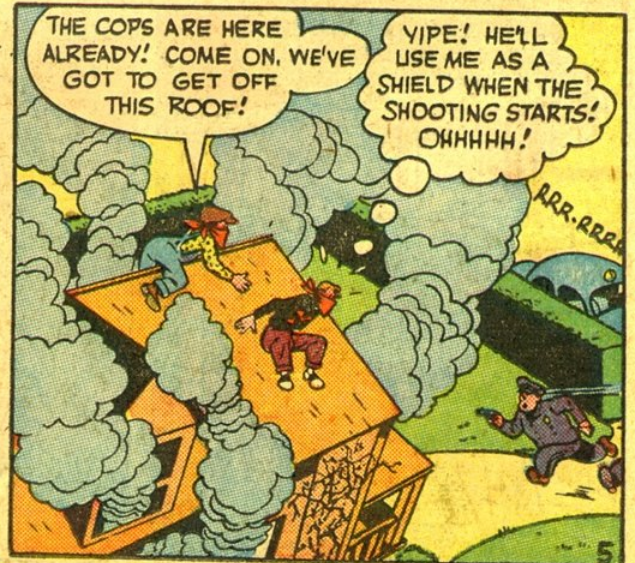
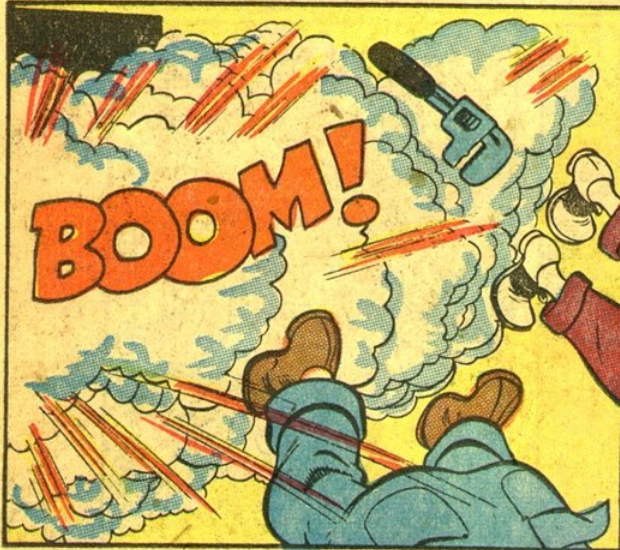
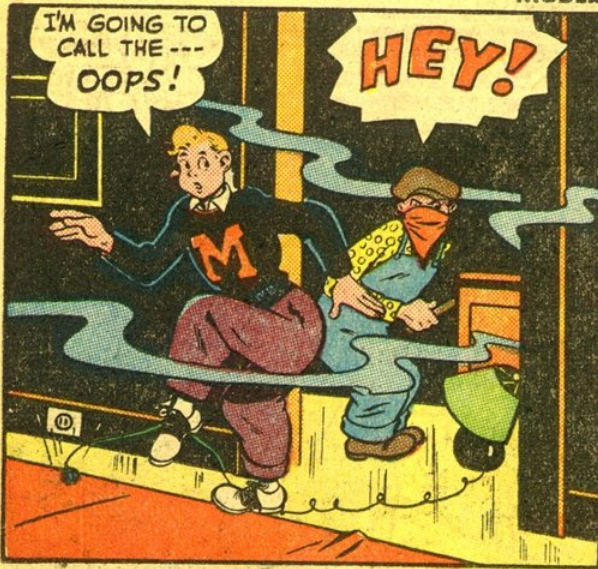




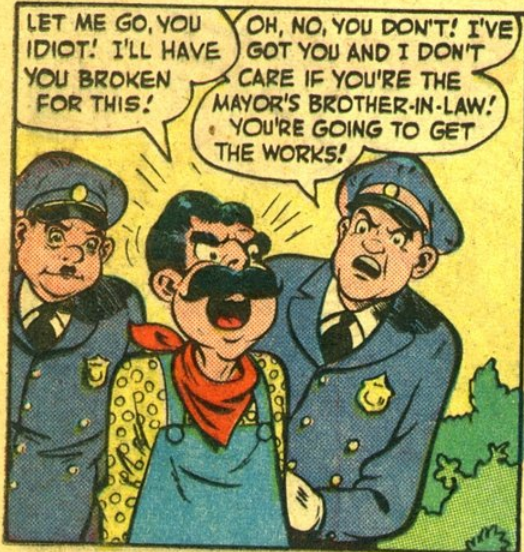














Later, as peace finally settles over the scene....

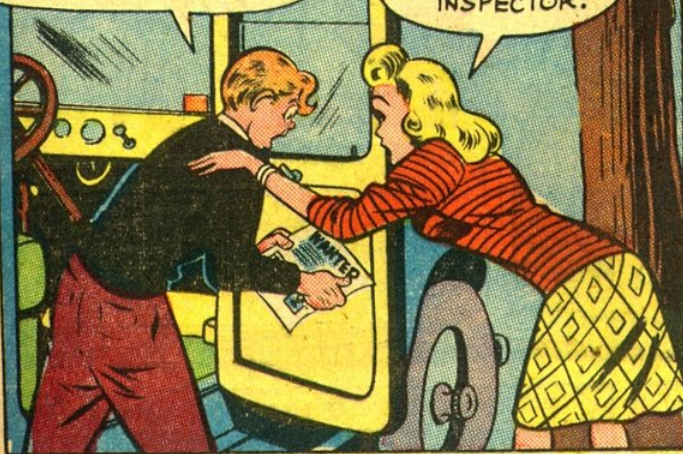
THAT CREEP DEAN SURE TOOK A FAST POWDER! I WONDER WHY?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM! YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TO THINK ABOUT!



WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS--- HEY, THIS GUY'S MUSTACHE AND EYEBROWS RUB OFF!

WHY, IT WAS ONLY PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE THE GAS INSPECTOR!



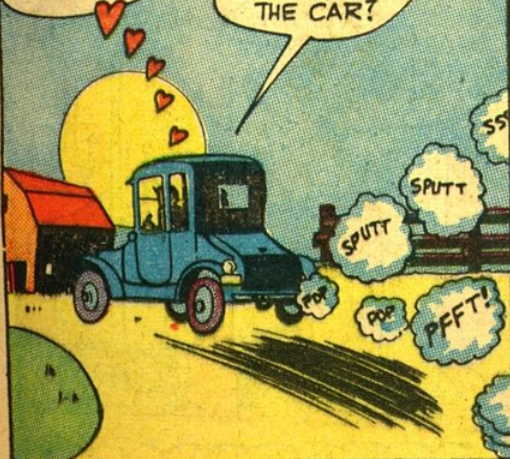
THEN DEAN MUST HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO STARTED THE WHOLE THING! I WONDER IF I SHOULD---

OH, THEY'VE PROBABLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM BY NOW! ... LET'S FORGET ALL ABOUT THAT, HUH, EZRA?



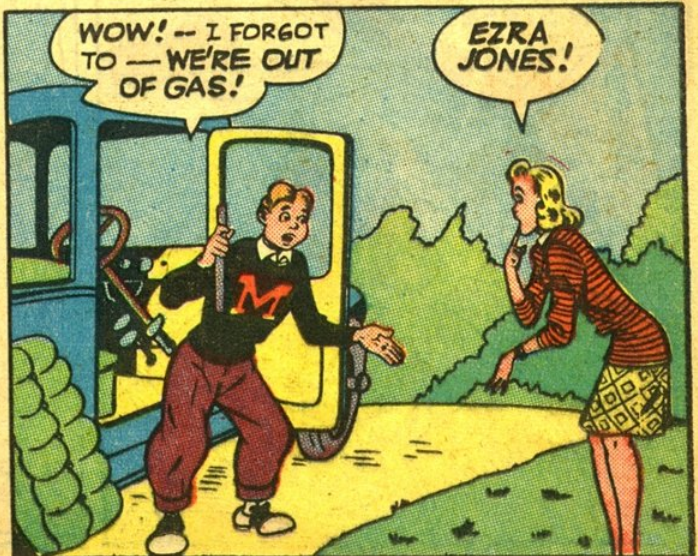
GOSH, MYRNA! WHAT A NIGHT!

LISTEN! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CAR?



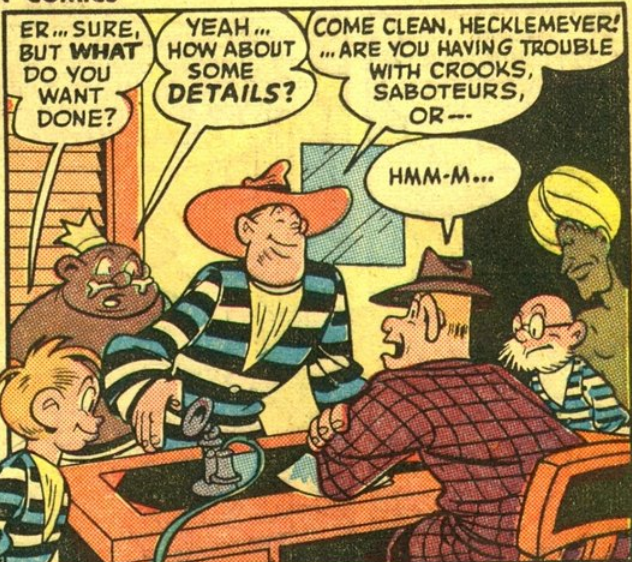
WOW! -- I FORGOT TO -- WE'RE OUT OF GAS!

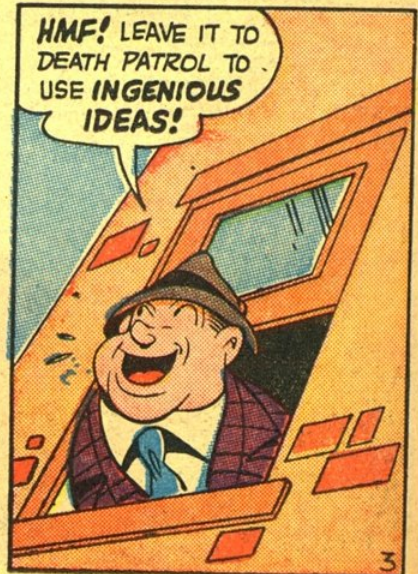
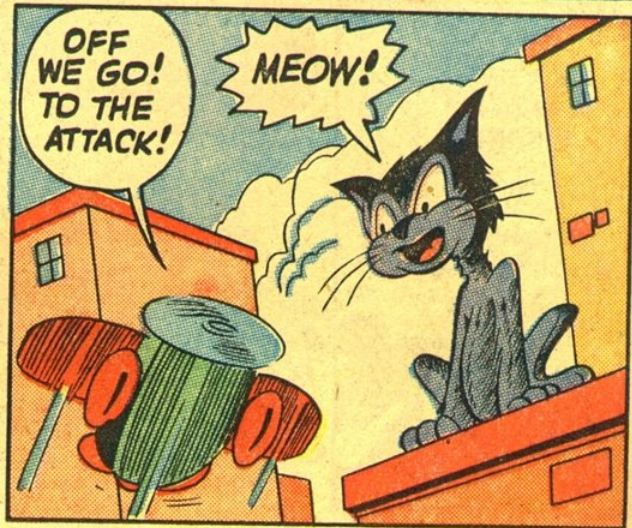
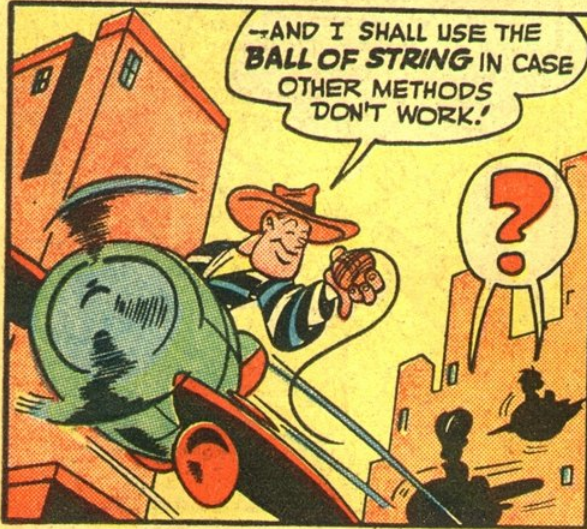
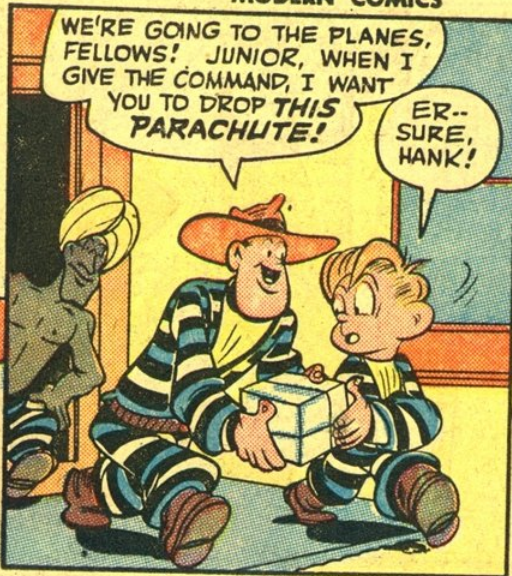
EZRA JONES!

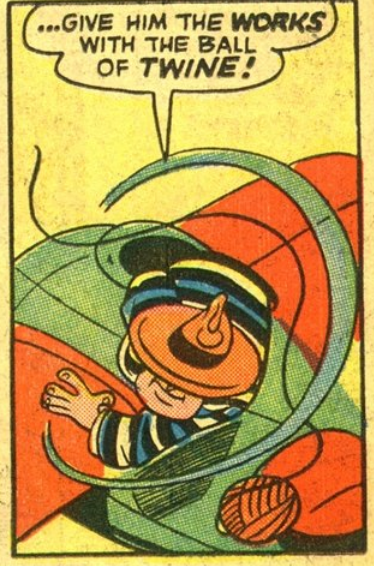


DEATH PATROL









I--I--
THINK NOT,
SIR!



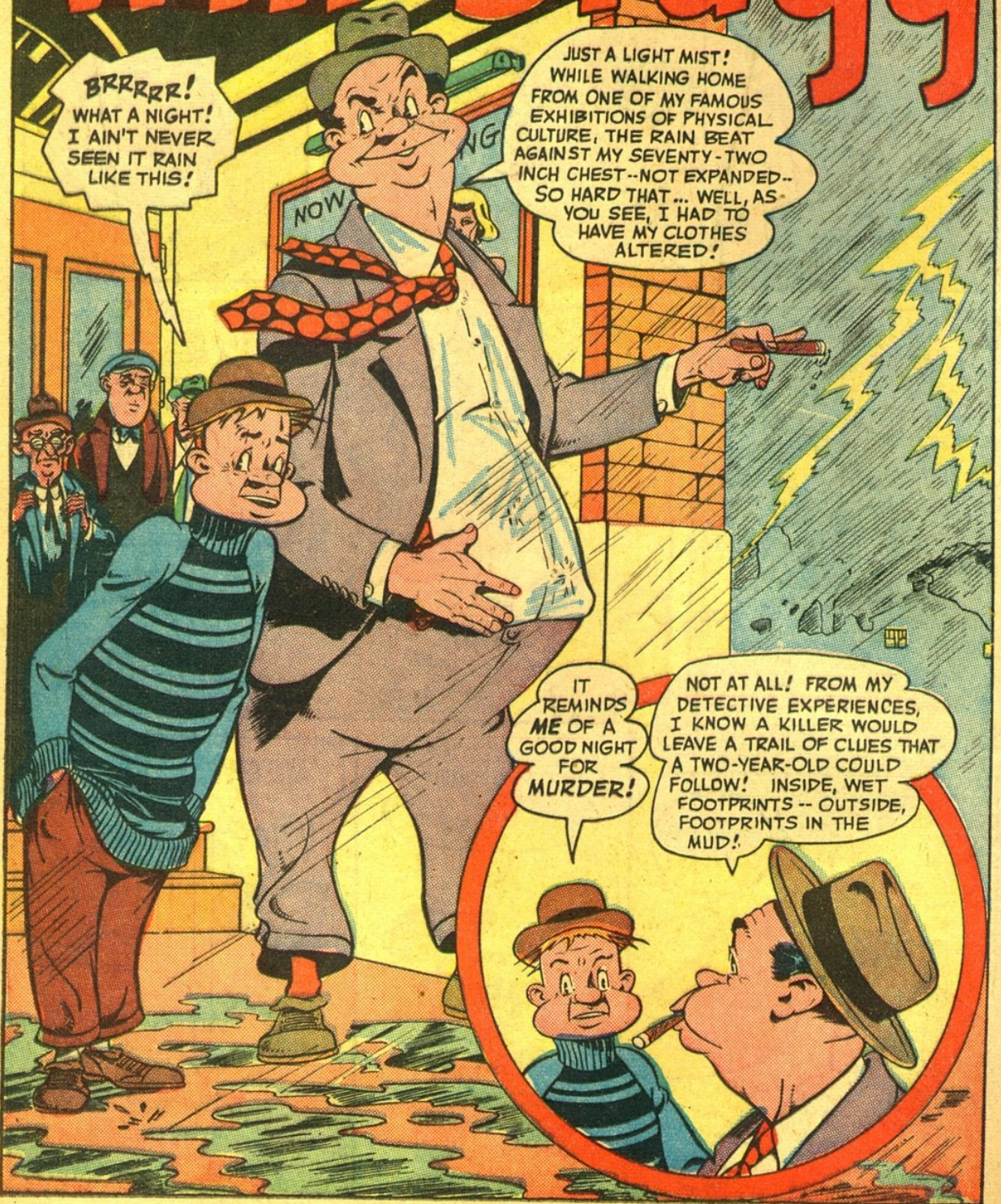
Will Bragg

BRRRRR!
WHAT A NIGHT!
I AIN'T NEVER
SEEN IT RAIN
LIKE THIS!

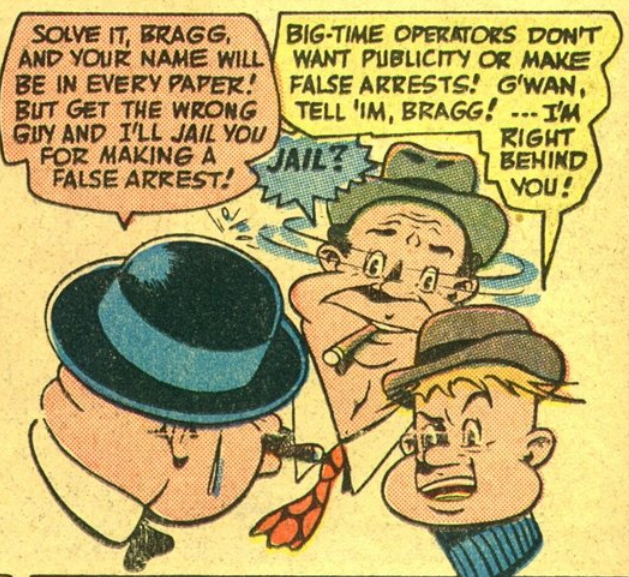
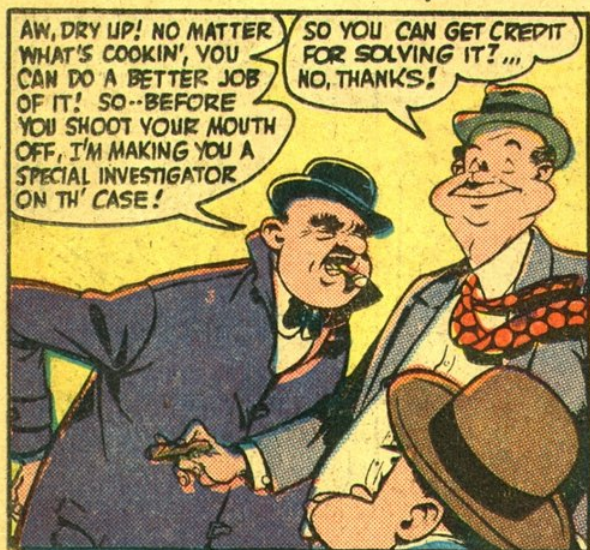
JUST A LIGHT MIST!
WHILE WALKING HOME
FROM ONE OF MY FAMOUS
EXHIBITIONS OF PHYSICAL
CULTURE, THE RAIN BEAT
AGAINST MY SEVENTY-TWO
INCH CHEST--NOT EXPANDED--
SO HARD THAT ... WELL, AS
YOU SEE, I HAD TO
HAVE MY CLOTHES
ALTERED!

IT
REMINDS
ME OF A
GOOD NIGHT
FOR
MURDER!

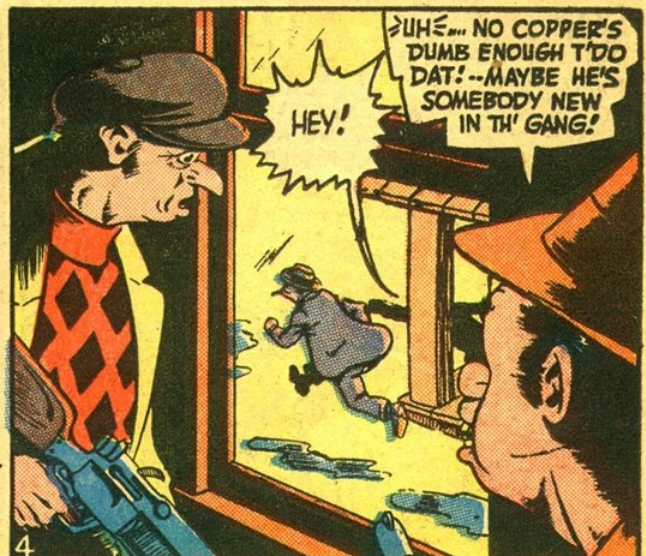
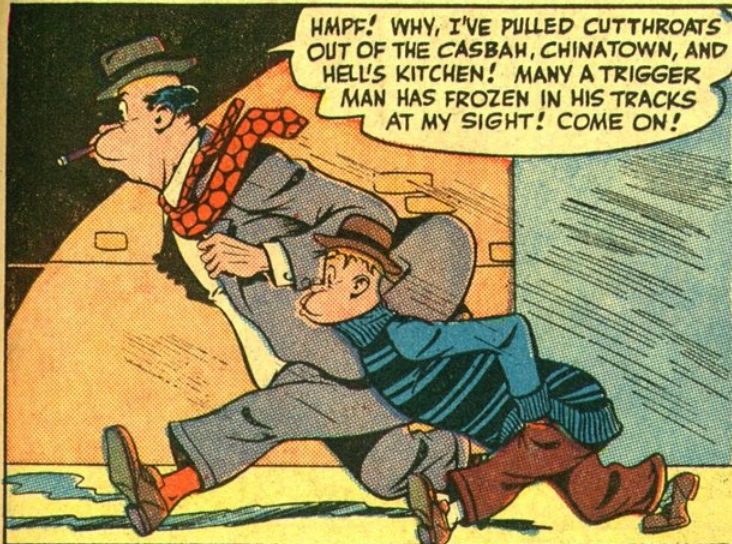
NOT AT ALL! FROM MY
DETECTIVE EXPERIENCES,
I KNOW A KILLER WOULD
LEAVE A TRAIL OF CLUES THAT
A TWO-YEAR-OLD COULD
FOLLOW! INSIDE, WET
FOOTPRINTS -- OUTSIDE,
FOOTPRINTS IN THE
MUD!

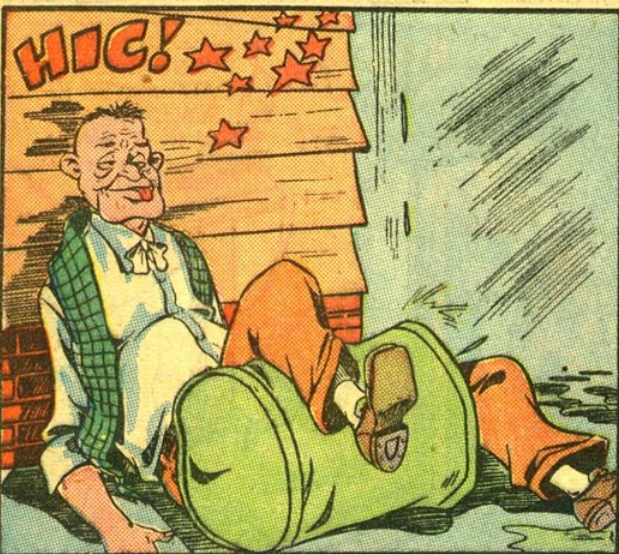
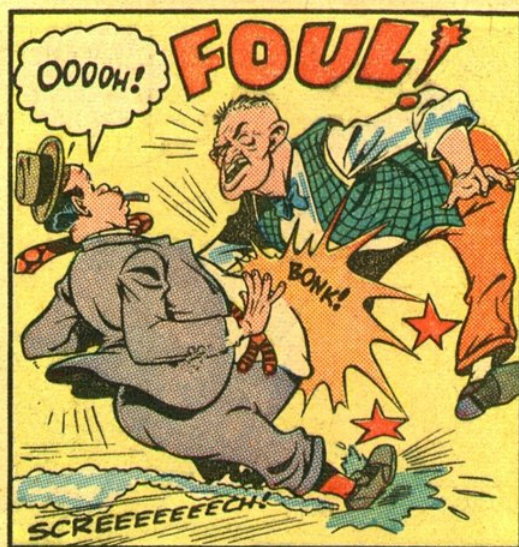
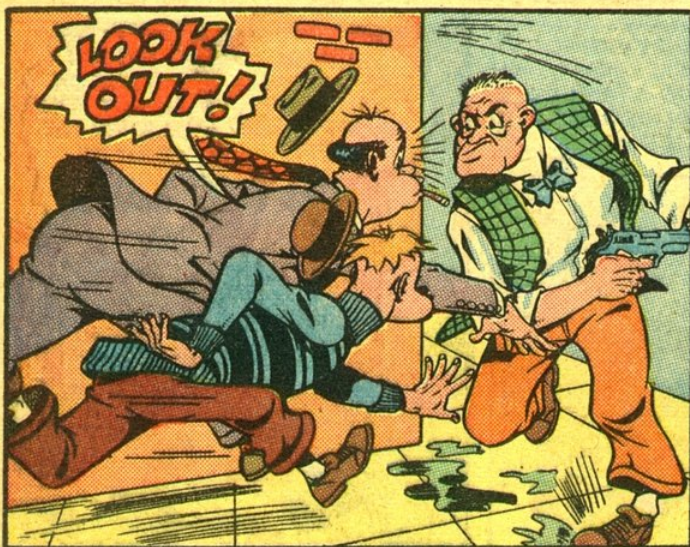




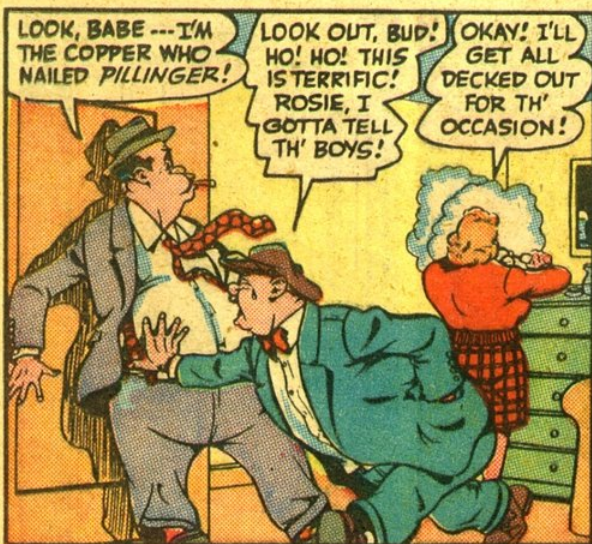


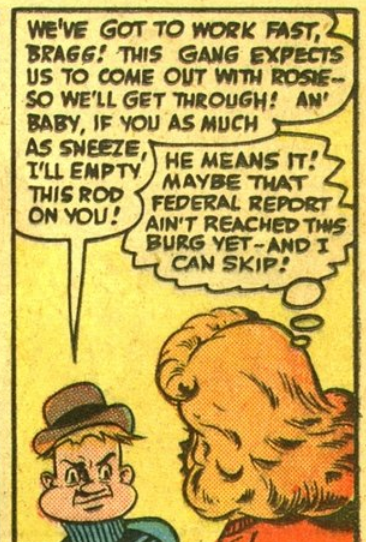
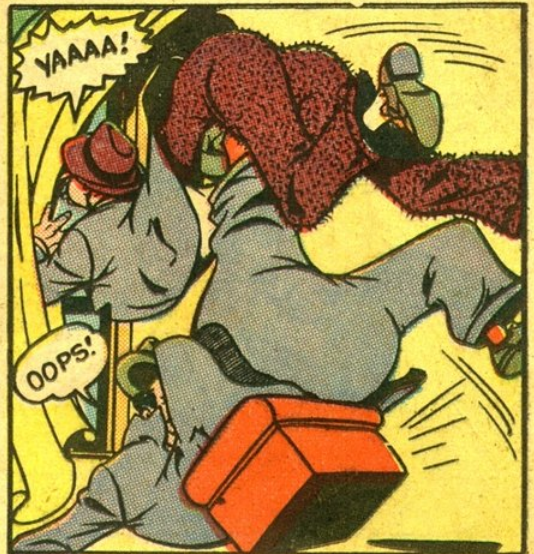
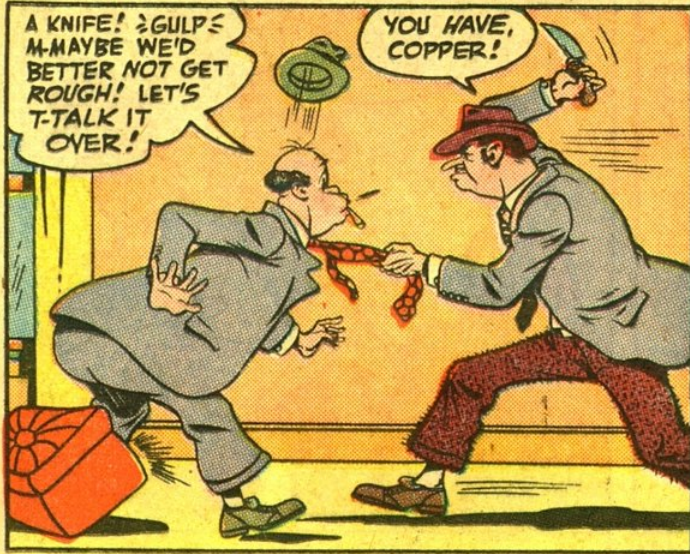
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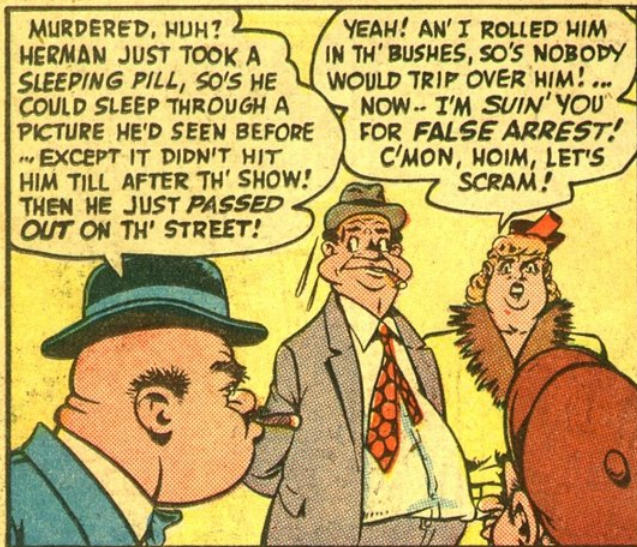
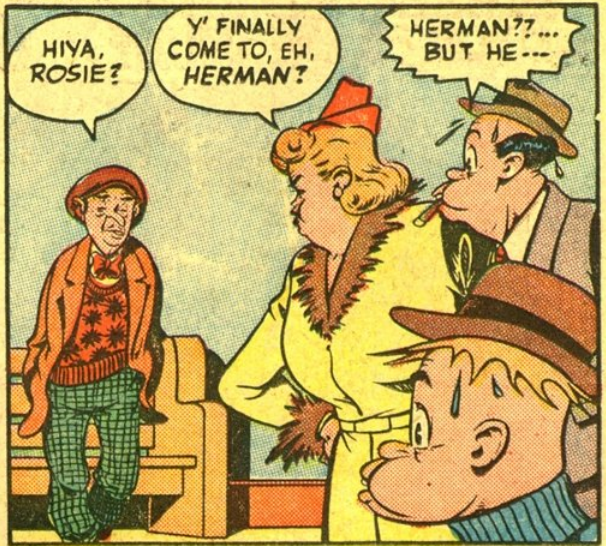
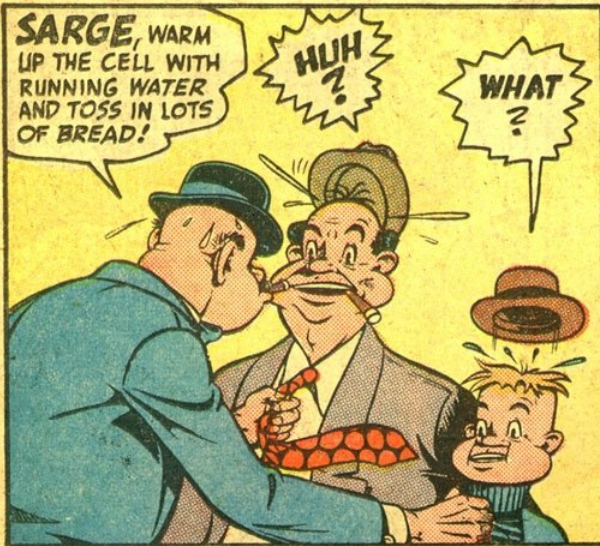




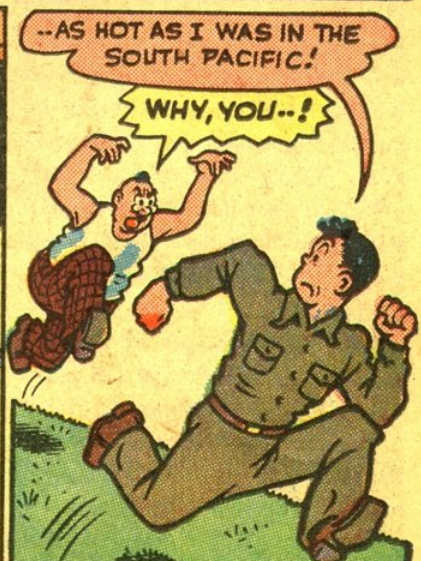
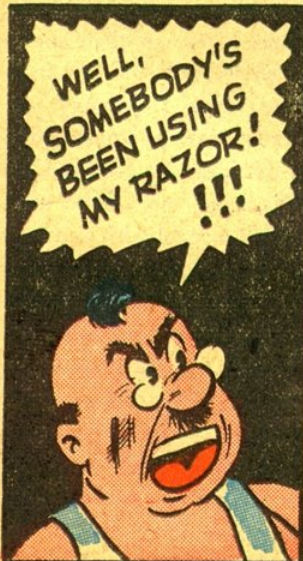
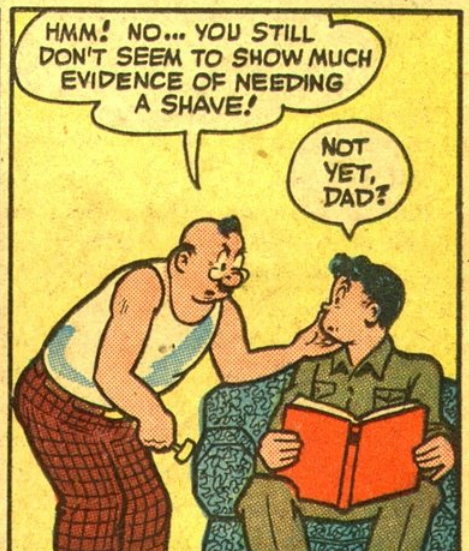
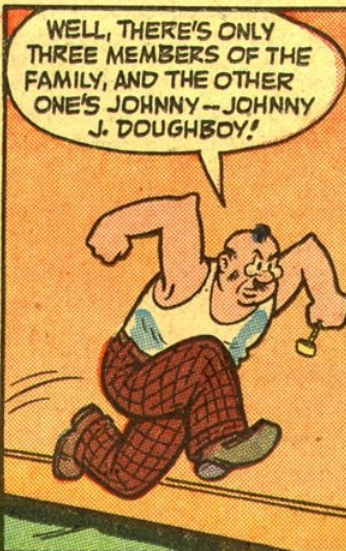
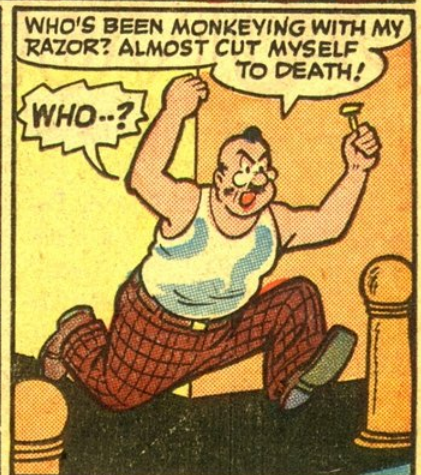








JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



JUNGLE JUSTICE

LEW KINGSLEY, pilot for the TACA Airways, tooled his big Lockheed over the dark-green Peten jungle and looked for a place to set down. It should be directly below, but he couldn't see it. It had been there last week, he felt certain of that. He snapped on his radio and asked for Cullen, who had charge of this out-of-the-way jungle station.

"Flight 28 . . . Kingsley . . . to Cullen . . . come in!"

Not a sound in the receiver.

Kingsley tried it again, banking in a sharp loop.

Still no sound.

Pilot Kingsley muttered under his breath, and gave the ship her nose. He'd fly on to Puerto Barrios, the shipping point for all the chicle produced in this great jungle empire of Guatemala.

As he flew, Kingsley wondered about Cullen and that station. What could be the matter. And where was the station? It was as if camouflage had been erected to blot it out. As if the jungle had been given full reign for a month, which time would be long enough for it to reclaim its own. But he knew nothing like that could have taken place.

"I don't get it," he said to himself. Bronson, his co-pilot, was dozing, and didn't know what was going on.

Bronson came out of the fog and sleepily asked what the score was. Kingsley told him.

"You're bush-happy," said Bronson feelingly. "The flight's got you. It does some guys, you know—rocky guys," he added with a grin.

Kingsley didn't respond to the joke. "I tell you, Bronson, something's happened back there. I'm worried."

"I'm hungry," said Bronson, who was much younger.

Then the engines began sputtering.

Kingsley glanced at the fuel gauge and shouted, "Oh, my hat! We're running out of gas!"

Both engines quit cold then.

"Too low to bale out," said Kingsley with a strange quietness in his voice. This was it, he knew it. You crash in the jungle and your chances for coming out were one in a million. He said, "Here she goes, buddy!"

The tearing crash through those hundred-foot forest giants was only heard by the birds and monkeys and a slinking tiger that went speeding through the underbrush as the big ship hit and shot earthward.

An ominous silence settled over the jungle.

It was the next day that the airline officials began worrying about Flight 28, with Kingsley and Bronson. Overdue ships in the bush service meant usually but one thing: crashed. Each plane carried food, water, medicine and other supplies for 30 days for two men. If they lived through the crash, they might conceivably get through, if they were not injured. Records show that very few men have got out after a jungle crash.

When four days went by without a word from the missing fliers, they were given up for lost and work went ahead. Several planes

were sent out to look for Flight 28, but, as is true in most of such cases, they discovered nothing.

Ed Robbins was construction super for TACA Airways, stationed at Carmelita. When Flight 28 didn't show up he began sending radio messages to headquarters. He was short of supplies. And there was a lot of chicle waiting for shipment on the plane. There was also a badly injured chiclero who had to be hospitalized with a broken leg and some cracked ribs. He had cut his own safety rope while tapping a sapota tree for its chicle, and had tumbled to the ground.

"Where the devil is that plane?" Ed asked one of the chiclero bosses.

"Mebbe she go down, senor," replied the native.

"Mebbe," said Ed.

This was the beginning of a reign of terror that flamed through the jungle for several weeks following the disappearance of Kingsley's plane. First one, then another of the chicleros would fall from their trees. Not from any apparent cause. They would complain of dizziness, or feeling sick.

A fer-de-lance, one of the most deadly of all serpents, bit two men in their bodega one dawn. Both died. They slept in hammocks, as do all the natives, with mosquito netting draped around their bunks each night to keep off the voracious insects. Just how the snake had bitten both men, Ed couldn't figure out. And that struck terror in the hearts of the other chicleros.

MODERN COMICS

These natives are supposedly devout Christians, but it takes little for them to revert to voodoo, of which their Carib and Indian ancestors make much.

Ed knew that trouble was brewing, but he didn't know what; and he couldn't see a way out. The chicle had to be gathered, so people the world over would have chewing gum. But the chicleros were frightened.

Cullen, whose name was not Cullen, skulked through the dripping jungle and set his traps. He had a perfectly feasible plan cooking in his evil brain. With great skill he had covered the landing field with a neat camouflage, so the plane couldn't land, thus running it short of gas since his was an important refueling station.

It was the beginning of the chicle-gathering season, so no chicleros were as yet arrived at his station. If he could arrange matters to his liking before they came, everything would be swell, and those who were paying him for his murderous work would be happy. He had been promised a large bonus if things went off well.

The rains had not come in their full strength as yet, so Cullen set a great bush fire one evening where it would do the most good—close to the stored chicle at Carmelita. The flames caught and spread in a hurry. They quickly surrounded a collection of native bodegas, and the screaming chicleros, caught in the fire, went tearing off into the jungle, certain that black gods of voodoo were angry.

It was all too evident to Ed and various officials of the TACA and chicle companies, what was afoot. Someone wanted to stampede the natives from this rich chicle region, so that they might

take over themselves. The evil stunt was working out, and the perpetrators did not seem to care whether murder resulted.

The general manager of the airline swooped down on the Carmelita landing field one afternoon. He was angry. What was going on? Why were these things occurring? Why wasn't the chicle being gathered, and shipped?

"It isn't being gathered," said Ed, "because the chicleros are running for their lives. Someone is at some mighty dirty skullduggery, sir."

"Someone. Who?"

"That I don't know," Ed told him. "But if you'll give me leave I'll try to find out. It's someone not far away from here."

"You have my permission," the manager said. "And good luck!"

Ed hadn't seen Cullen in some weeks; he didn't care much for the taciturn Cullen, and so didn't visit at his station. But he had a strange presentiment that Cullen might be behind all the trouble.

It was 45 kilometers to Cullen's station from Carmelita—a long ride on a little bush mule. But there was nothing else to do. Ed started out.

His first surprise was finding the landing field at Cullen's station camouflaged with greenery of all sorts. And then he knew why the Kingsley-Bronson ship had run out of gas and crashed.

"So it is that dirty rat, after all," he said.

There were no natives in the vicinity, so Ed had to dig up his own clues.

Cullen's bodega was empty, so Ed knew he had flown. But where? Of course! Cullen was back of the fire—back of the whole crafty scheme to frighten the natives away. He would then be headed east and north. No telling what

deviltry he was up to even now!

Ed didn't deceive himself that he might be up against a long, terrible search. The Peten is a vast jungle, fully as large as Connecticut, Massachusetts and Delaware combined. Its sole industry is chicle, and it produces nearly the total world's supply, from which chewing gum is made. A fellow could get lost there and wander forever . . .

Ed hurriedly rode back to Carmelita, his own station, to find that nothing untoward had occurred in that region further. Some of the chicleros had come back, over their first fright; but more than half of them were unaccounted for. He picked up rumors, however, that Cullen had been busy in other regions. And a terror of evil swept over the whole Peten.

He set out one morning toward the northeast, from which direction had come the rumors. He rode and camped for nearly a week. Then he came upon a strange sight. A man dangled high above the trail, a thick vine wrapped around his neck. The man's face was almost unrecognizable, but Ed made out the features of Cullen.

At first he thought some of the natives had taken the law into their own hands; but he discarded this theory when he discovered that the vine was attached to a devil tree, one of those rare but evil growths found in some jungles.

He hurled a root at the thick mass of vines and instantly a long tendril whipped out, clutching, writhing like a snake, and withdrawing into itself.

"Good gosh!" said Ed. "So that's what got him! Well, I suppose it served the poor devil right. But—jungle justice!"

CHOO CHOO

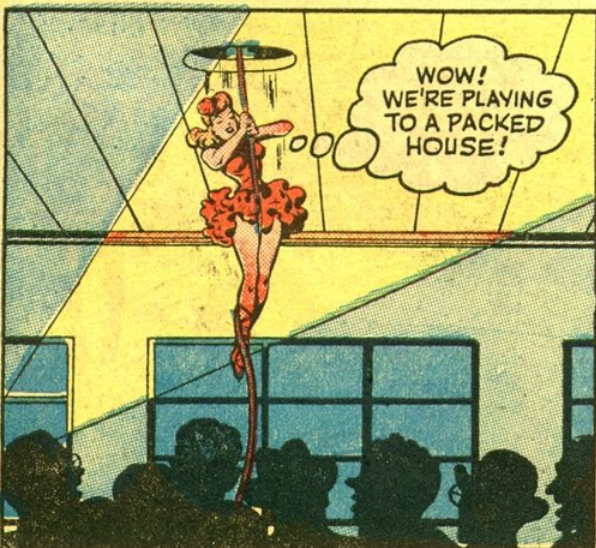
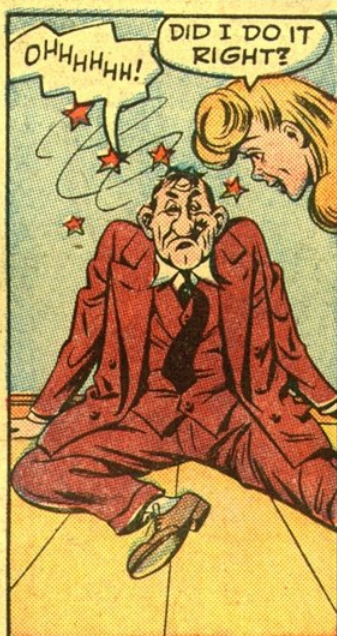


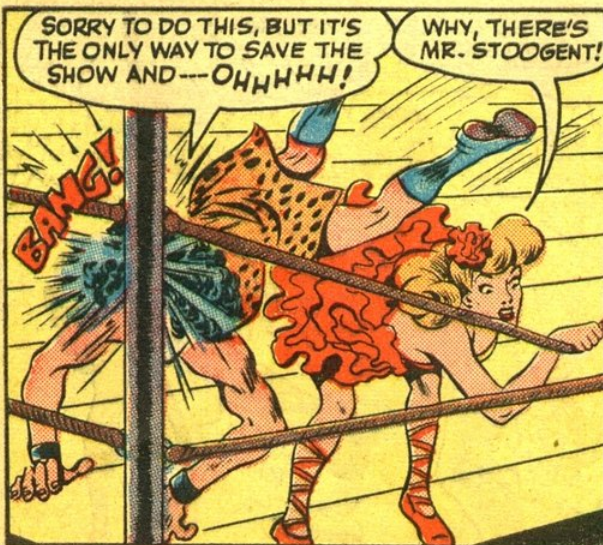














EX-PRIVATE

MODERN COMICS

DOGTAG

Private DOGTAG at last becomes a civilian and it's hard to tell which is happier about it -- he or the Army!

YOU'RE TOO LATE FOR OUR REGULAR DINNER BUT WE CAN OFFER YOU A VERY SPECIAL DELICACY TONIGHT! THE ARMY HAS JUST RELEASED A SMALL QUANTITY OF THIS GOURMET'S DELIGHT FOR CIVILIAN USE!

